

It isn't picking scabs, or picking up herpes, crabs or AIDS.

It isn't girdles on the clothesline, or a "Hershey Highway" down the middle of your underwear.
It is not the expression "Hershey Highway."

It is male understatement for a perfect ass,
an affliction of guys who finish last,
arrival of your tax refund on time.

It is not pursuing cash (though cash-in-hand is always nice),
or the feeling when the phone rings during sex,
or when Jehovah's Witnesses knock at your door, flaunting
their niceness like an open sore.

Nice is what a civilized war's supposed to be.
Told that Nice is a resort in Southeasy France,
it is not nice to think of nude sunbathers, but hard
not to.

When a boss says "nice job," beware the trap-door in the
bedrock of his gratitude.
When a woman says "nice guy," he is putting her to sleep,
but not with him.

Webster's states that "nice" derives from a word meaning
"stupid; lazy; dull."
It would have been nice to know that years ago.

I could say more about this subject, this blatant turncoat
word,
(this worm in Monarch's clothing; pinhead who would be
King)
but I'm afraid that it would not be very

FURTHER DECLINE OF WESTERN CIVILIZATION

I'm at the Odium in Hollywood, watching
a double bill: Gorky Park and Angel.
Two old ladies — one red-haired, the other, blue —
take seats behind me, loaded down with popcorn and Pepsi.

Lee Marvin, Gorky's villain, stalks on screen, lethal
and haughty.
"He's such a crumb," Blue says, admiring.
"He's a crumb in real life is what I hear," says Red.

Now we see the contraband sables,
all teeth and fur and snarl, leaping around

their cages hissing like dynamite about to blow.
"Aren't they cute," says Blue.
"I gotta get my tooth fixed," Red declares. "It's
painin' me."

Now the Anatomy Professor reconstructs the faceless heads
of the corpses from Gorky Park.

"Ugh, that's disgusting," snaps Blue.
"That doctor was a dwarf in the book," Red declares.
"Why didn't they get a dwarf?" Blue wants to know.
"That guy's pretty short," Red allows.
"He's not a dwarf," Blue says. "My sister's son-in-law's
a dwarf.
He's out of work, too. They could of got him."

On to Angel, a 14-year-old orphan who goes to private
school by day, and pays by turning tricks on Sunset Strip.
"Why'd they want to make a movie about this?" Blue demands.
"It's awful," Red agrees.
Their chewing accelerates.

Now Angel's meeting friends: hookers, a crazy cowboy, a
lesbian, a drag queen.
"Is a morphadite the same as a transvestual," asks Blue.
"A pervert is a pervert," pronounces Red.

The camera lingers on pogo-ing Hari Krishnas.
"I wonder about that guy," says Red.
"What guy?" asks Blue.
"That Harry Krishner."

The crazed slasher knifes a hooker,
decks her out like a bride, and spreadeagles her on a
motel bed.
He bends to kiss her.
"Ugh, that's sick," says Blue.
"Nothing shocks me any more," says Red.

NOTHING EVER GETS EATEN ON WILD KINGDOM

The "feisty" bobcat which has chased the goose mom
and her fluffy brood into the reeds and now approaches
like a Nazi out to bayonet a baby, gets "distracted"

by another predator, a coyote, whose sense of smell
can be applauded, but whose wish to wolf down someone
else's flesh is not so nice. The coyote craves

a muskrat he's trapped in a tule pond. He trots in,
sniffing like a pup. Muskrat attacks with squeals